

## The Evening World

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## IN DARKER NEW YORK.

The first physical effects of the coal strike in Greater New York were manifest yesterday, and they were not pleasant. The obscuration which hung over the city and the harbor and shut off the view was neither cloud, nor fog, nor mist, but the genuine soft coal smoke, hitherto unknown to New Yorkers. It came from above and all around, most conspicuously from the harbor traffic and the "L" road engines; it was blown up and down the streets, especially the narrow downtown streets; it was ubiquitous, pervasive, insistent, entering every open door and window, depositing itself with smutty impartiality on every surface, leaving nothing untouched and touching nothing that it did not defile. It attacked humanity in the nose and throat and eyes, acrid, penetrating and irritating, and made its mark on collars and cuffs and all white raiment.

Let us hope that it is not to be with us long. A small taste of it is enough. To think of it as permanent would be a calamity more appalling than a permanent rule of Tammany or an indefinite series of speeches from Jerome. New York has been highly favored by nature in many ways, but in no way more than in the exceptional cleanness it has enjoyed, and which man has hitherto done little or nothing to mar.

On the Run.—From New Orleans comes the startling news that four of the managers of the Beef Trust firms have fled with their books and records to escape the United States marshal, and that three of them are on their way to Mexico to get safely beyond the jurisdiction of the United States. Yet the Beef Trust firms ask us to believe that they have done nothing illegal.

## OPEN SCHOOLS ON SUNDAY.

"The school-house is the legitimate club-house of the children of the poor and their parents," says Dr. Felix Adler, President of the Ethical Culture Society. "The solution of all our civic problems, including the whole battle with the slums, lies with the public schools. Throw them open on Sunday and let the people in," says Mr. Jacob Rills, most intelligent of all east side investigators.

To give the poor man another Sunday club is to draw him away from the club which has heretofore had all his patronage—the saloon. He has gone there for recreation because, as between it and his tenement quarters there was no place else to go. His children meantime have not had even that refuge. They have gone into the streets for amusement and found there the kind which boys find when they meet for diversion with no definite object in view or legitimate means at hand. And a few years of this street association has sent many a youth to the bad whom a little restraint at a critical period in the formation of habits would have started right.

To give the people of the poor a comfortable place of assembly on Sunday, with lectures, good music, the use of the gymnasium and a little of that definite sense of proprietorship and of membership in society which comes from frequenting a resort of the club kind is to do a great deal for the redemption of sordid lives. What The World advocates and Mr. Rills and Dr. Adler approve cannot be wrong; the surprising feature of it is the lateness of the day in a great city's development when it is proposed to give the people their just dues in this particular.

## AS REGARDS TEAM WORK.

Among Mr. Jerome's further contributions to the gaiety of the moment was one yesterday regarding the advantage of "team work" by the administration. "We ought to organize and work together as a football team does," said he, "our sole object being to get the ball over the goal." The metaphor is a favorite one with Sunday-school teachers in counselling their young charges. To buck the enemy's centre with the relentless rush of the flying wedge! How superior in results to the desultory work of the individual player! The weight of Mr. Jerome's authority in using it renews the aptness of the well-worn simile.

Especially as the District-Attorney may be likened to a halfback who got the ball, started off with a yell to make a record run and is now prostrate, with the other side piled upon him and yet refuses to yield up the pigskin. He lies there giving his captain back talk like a college Thersites, but just what he is doing to help the play along is difficult to discover. Mr. Jerome should get into the game, line up with the other players and watch the captain for signals. No one man is always "it" on the gridiron, not even the customary star performer.

## OLD JOBS AND NEW.

It is safe to say that the story told by John C. Sheehan about the contracts for Metropolitan Street Railway reconstruction and the profits shared by McMahon and Croker will not be contradicted by any of the parties in interest. There was "money in it" for everybody, and the franchises for the change of motive power were cheaply bought by giving a job of reconstruction to a firm of political contractors, even though a great deal of the work had to be done over again.

The incident is worth bearing in mind just now, when an Aldermanic hearing is to be given to the attempt to grab the Macomb's Dam Bridge for street railway purposes. The applicants for the franchise could well afford to give a good fat construction contract to any firm or boss with pull enough to get the franchise for them—and that would not be bribery.

## THE SUMMER GIRL.

"How splendid your women are," says the Comtesse de Rochambeau. This enthusiastic exclamation is lavished on the American girl as inspected by the Countess on her tour just ending. It is her judgment of the fair American seen in the chrysalis between-season state just preceding the period of emergence into the full feminine effulgence of the summer girl. If the Countess could only have waited a few weeks!

Then by the side of the loud-sounding sea, in the shady recesses of spacious piazzas, in the indolent ease of breezy-blown hammocks, in mountains or woods or by the sandy beach, wherever visible she will be the most exhibit we have to show the foreign guest. A thing of beauty and a joy forever to the fortunate youth permitted to join the train of her admirers. The Countess waits on a thousand hills proclaim her presence with these she conquers. A few flimsy yards of white cambric, a spool or two of thread and presto! a garment that enhances more physical charms than any boasted by senorita or Persian houri. If the Countess could only wait.

## The Funny Side of Life.

## PREPARING FOR THEIR VICTIMS.

## JOKES OF OUR OWN.

## THE UP-TO-DATE KNIGHTS.

In days of old when knights were bold,  
Full many fell in bloody fight.  
But wars now wage with fiercer rage  
Twixt 'skeeter and Suburban knight.

## DARWINISM IN 4114 B. C.

"What a monkey you make of yourself," sneered Mrs. Ape to her husband.  
"Perhaps so, my dear," he retorted,  
"but one of these days some descendant  
of mine will make a man of himself."

## FROM THE WOOD.

"What sort of board do you get  
your eating place?"  
"Fine. Good enough to make wood  
alcohol out of."

## SEA FIGHTING TERM.

"How do you like this hash, Mr. Hall-  
room?"  
"My dear landlady, it is great. I wonder  
the Navy Department doesn't buy  
it for use on all warships."  
"To strengthen the sailors in battle?"  
"No. To 'repel boarders.'"

## BORROWED JOKES.

## SOUND PHILOSOPHY.

Friend (from the city)—Why don't you  
move away from this dead little town  
and get among people?  
Village Magnate—Because I amount to  
something here. It is better to be a  
live man in a dead town than a dead  
man in a live town.—Chicago Tribune.

## WHERE SHE WORE IT.

Of course the conductor never knew  
why she giggled when he remarked:  
"Careful, miss; always get off a car  
with your face in front!"—Baltimore  
News.

## GRATEFUL GLANCE.

She—Sometimes I think you don't love  
me any more.  
He (reproachfully)—How could I love  
you any more?—Sumerville Journal.

## THE QUICK CHANGE.

Political Boss (dictating to stenographer)—Where did I leave off before I  
went to lunch?  
Stenographer—This detestable parasite  
should be retired into merited oblivion.  
Boss—Er, strike that out and begin  
again. I have met the gentleman since  
I dictated that last paragraph, which  
needs toning down a little. Let it read:  
"This estimable and talented statesman  
should by all means be elected."—Chicago  
News.

## SOMEBODIES.

AIRLIE, EARL OF.—Will be the youngest  
peer, it is said, at the coronation.  
He is nine years old.

BILLOT, C. W.—Has just celebrated his  
thirty-third anniversary as President  
of Harvard. He did not renounce the  
office even for the temporary honor of  
being a mayor.

KNOX, REPRESENTATIVE.—Announces  
that he will retire from politics at  
the end of his present term in  
Congress.

MICHELSON, PROF.—Of the University  
of Chicago, has devised a machine so  
accurate as to measure the width of a  
hair. Romantic novelists will find it  
useful in measuring the breadth of  
their heroes' escapes.

PAUNCEFOTE, LADY.—Will, with her  
daughters, remain at the British Em-  
bassy in Washington until her hus-  
band's body is placed on the warship  
that is to carry it to England.

STRANOCHE, MRS. JOHN.—Has given  
Princeton Theological Seminary a copy  
of the New Testament in Chinese,  
which is a facsimile of the one lately  
presented to the Dowager Empress of  
China.

## THEY GOT TWISTED.

Lord Ribblesdale gave a recent debate  
in the Lords a touch of humor in at-  
tempting to quote "From Greenland's  
icy mountains." He steered safely  
through the first line, mangled the second  
and failed altogether at the third.  
But he is not the first great man whom  
the hymn has tripped up. One famous  
personage fell over the first line. "From  
Iceland's greasy mountains," he began,  
and got no further.

## THE OTHER MAN.

I laughed at one who yesterday  
Had done a foolish thing;  
Was glad because he hung his head,  
Because his cheeks with shame  
were red,  
Because he played a clownish part.  
His foolish error made me smile,  
My tasks were light through all  
the day;  
His shame brought gladness to my  
heart.  
For once I played a foolish part,  
In just the same poor thoughtless  
way.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## TIMELY LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Suggests Joke for Fresh Youth.  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
I see that a young lady desires to play  
a joke on a fresh youth in the store  
where she works, who thinks she knows  
it all. Allow me to help the lady out  
at the seemingly difficult task. Pin the  
following on his coat at the back:  
"People, look at me! I am IT!" That  
should cure him. C. S. M.

## Which is the Heroine?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Some readers of a Brooklyn High  
School have made a critical study of  
Scott's "Ivanhoe." The students cannot  
agree as to the heroine. Because of  
her noble character many of us be-  
lieve Rebecca holds that position. How-

ever, there are reasons why Rowena  
should, for it is customary for the hero-  
ine to marry the hero. What do readers  
think? Is Rebecca or Rowena the  
heroine? GOLDEN ROD.

## Objects to Being an "Old Maid."

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A woman will never admit that she is  
an old maid, because she objects to the  
adjective old as being contemptuous.  
No woman likes to be called old whether  
maid, wife or widow. I am an unmar-  
ried woman over forty-five, with no ex-  
pectation or intention of being married,  
and would like to be known as unmar-  
ried, single or a spinster. A. M.

## The Vicious Small Boy.

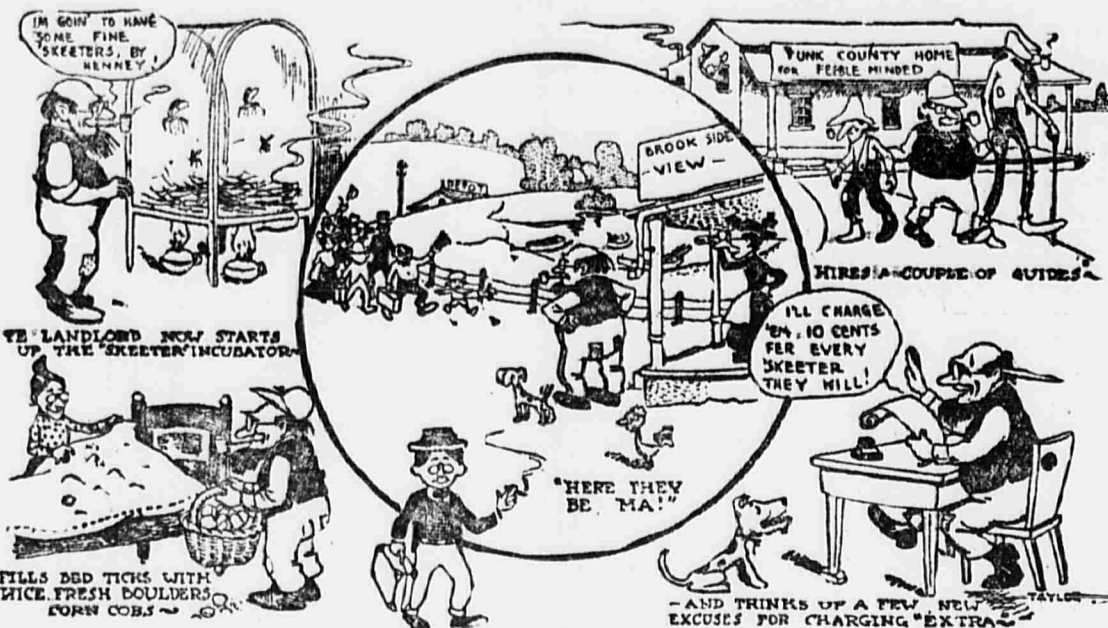
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
When Magistrate Brown calls the boys

of the city "little loafers," I haven't the  
faintest doubt he is expressing the  
sentiments of a majority of the people  
of all classes. It is not mischief, but  
pure villainousness which prompts these  
boys (ranging in age from five to fifteen)  
to endanger the lives of citizens and in-  
jure property. While riding in a car  
the other day I saw the conductor re-  
ceive a severe hurt in the head by a  
slungshot fired by one of a group of  
boys who were deliberately aiming at  
the conductors as the cars passed. They  
were jubilant at their success in hitting  
this one, and seemed to know that it  
was impossible for him to leave his car  
to catch them. And if he had what a  
dress would have been his! They de-

liberately throw over ash cans and  
break windows, and so they continue  
to go from bad to worse.  
There is plenty of law to protect young  
offenders, but not much for the law-  
abiding citizens. Couldn't some one in  
authority propose a law fining the par-  
ents of those juvenile offenders who are  
considered too young to be punished but  
not too young to disturb the peace?  
A TAXPAYER.

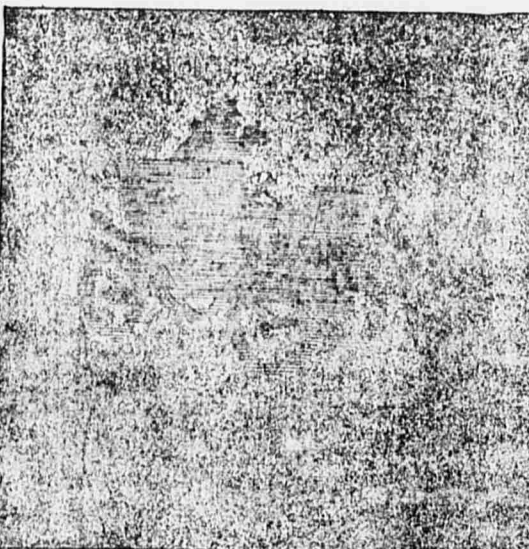
## Query for Bookkeepers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will some bookkeeper kindly let me  
know if it is customary for a person  
who keeps the cash book to enter the  
folios of the ledger on the cash book  
before they are posted, this person not  
posting at all? Also if the presence of  
the folios on the cash book are not a  
sign that it is posted. BROTHER.



Uncle Rube and Aunt Sahary, in the mountains cool and airy,  
Are hustling 'round to beat the band and shrieking shrill-voiced orders;  
While he's hiding the spring chickens, she the cream with flour thickeners;  
And between them life will be one grand sweet song to summer boarders.

## MUNCHAUSEN TELLS ANEMONE ABOUT HIS MOTOR.



—Which it did, with startling rapidity. Believe me, gentlemen, I had halted on the absolute brink of a cliff! Another sixteenth of an inch, and your poor Baron would no longer have been able to relate to you his very marvellous adventures.—From the King.



—Which it did, with startling rapidity. Believe me, gentlemen, I had halted on the absolute brink of a cliff! Another sixteenth of an inch, and your poor Baron would no longer have been able to relate to you his very marvellous adventures.—From the King.

## POSTED.



Minister (to new sexton)—John, I expect to exchange pulpits with Dr. Smith next Sunday.  
John—Well, sir, if you'll take my advice, you won't do it. I've seen Dr. Smith's pulpit, and it's the most worn-out piece of furniture in town.

## HARD FACT.



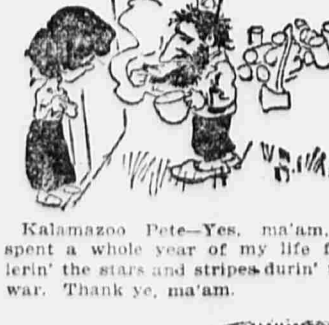
Mr. Pug—Can you help me, sir?  
I'm out of a job.  
Stranger—How do you happen to be out of work?  
Mr. Pug—I was knocked out in a prize-fight.

## BLASE.



Stranger—Hah! Guess that wasn't just what you expected ter ketch, was it, sonny?  
Sonny—I suitin' wuz, Mister Smart. I'm er-fishin' fer conned salmon. I beg leave ter inform yez.

## HIS SERVICE.

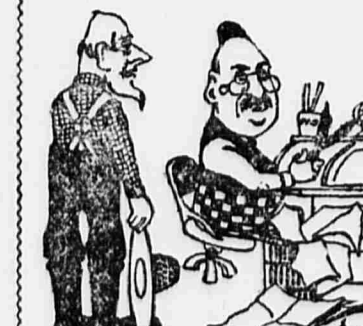


Kalamazoo Pete—Yes, ma'am. I spent a whole year of my life fol-  
lowin' the stars and stripes durin' the war. Thank ye, ma'am.



And it wasn't any lie, either.

## RURAL DISTRICT.



Visitor—Be you the exchange editor?  
Editor—Yes, what is it?  
Visitor—Well, are you willin' to exchange three months' worth of subscription for two bushels of the finest turnips in this county?

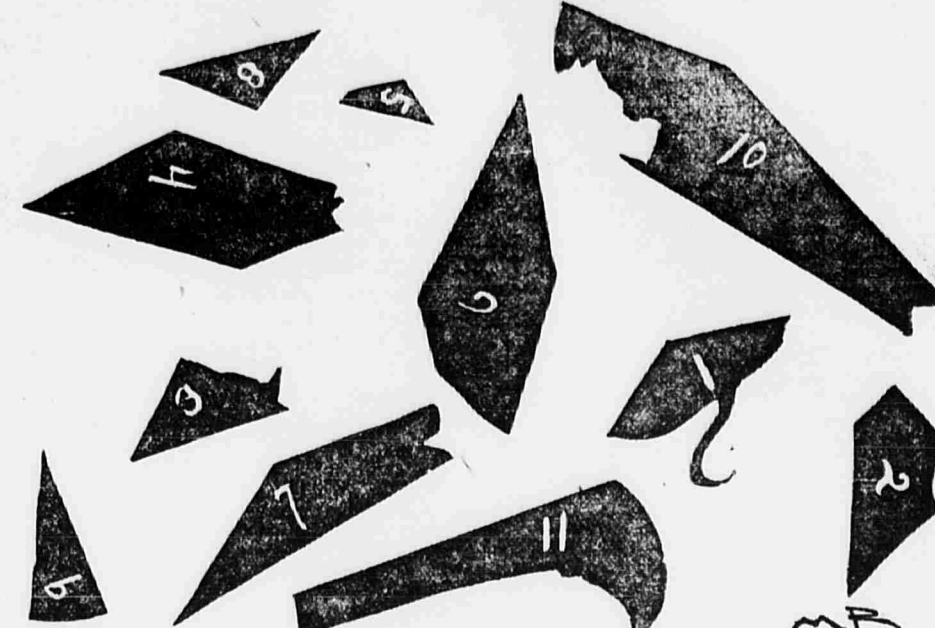
## AT THE MUSICAL.



Miss Oldun (singing)—"If I were a bird to heaven I'd fly."  
He (to himself)—If you did they'd shoot you the first time they heard you sing.

## ODDITY CORNER.

## FIND THE "EASY BOSS'S" FACE.



These sections, cut out and correctly placed together, will form a silhouette of Senator "Tom" Platt's head. The solution of this puzzle will be published to-morrow.

## WHY HE WORE IT.

## A White Waistcoat Is Sometimes a Boon.

"I met our dear friend Baskin coming to see you the other evening," said I, casually.  
Dotty was trifling with the piano. Without turning, she replied: "Yes, he said he was unfortunately delayed."  
It always irritated me to have any one—particularly Dotty—make such remarks, so I observed: "I noticed that he wore a white waistcoat."

"What is remarkable about his wearing one?" asked Dotty.  
"For one thing, he always spoke of white waistcoats as the proper wear for barkeepers and regarded them with scorn."

"How should I know? He doesn't consult me about how he shall dress," said Dotty guardedly.  
"It shows," I replied, slowly, "that he had great respect for the advice of a very wise person."

"You advised him?"  
"To get a white one, yes."

"Fairly for your sake, partly his own. Mostly yours."  
"Thank you!" very sarcastically. "And how did I have anything to do with it?"

"How, indeed?" I exclaimed. "You remember he was here a week ago Saturday night?"  
"How do you know?"

"Stayed pretty late, too."  
"Not so awfully. About 10—or 11."  
"Well, he must have been pretty long on the way, then, for he landed up at Artie's studio—saw the light and dropped in on his way home, and it was after 12 then."

"Well?"  
"When he came in we all gave him the boldest merri-  
ment because the front of his black waistcoat was all  
whitened."

"He never!" cried Dotty, and then her cheeks were suffused with blushes delightful to see. Dotty is not easily embarrassed, but when she is!

"Certainly," I assured her. "I can understand perfectly. And that's why as a friend—I advised Baskin. He said he'd dropped into a billiard emporium on his way and got chalk dust on his bosom."

"There! I knew he'd!"  
"Think one up? It didn't take him more than a minute, but it wasn't any too quick."

"Of course that was the explanation. I can't think of anything else," said she.  
"That," said I gravely, "is the only possible explanation."

Dotty came over and sat down opposite me. Her color had receded enough to make her look just right.  
"Do you—play billiards?" she continued earnestly.  
"I thought I might play a game or two to-night after leaving at 10—or 11," I admitted.

Dotty looked at me through downcast lashes. Then she smiled.  
"Why don't you wear a white waistcoat yourself?" she murmured.

"I do!" I cried, triumphantly throwing open my coat.—Chicago News.

## FOREST LAND.

Of the 34,364,865.8  
hectares (86,151,-  
683 acres) of land  
in Prussia 8,270,  
135.5 hectares (20,-  
425,498 acres), or  
23.7 per cent., are  
occupied by for-  
ests and orchards.  
More than one-  
third of the area  
of Hessen, Nassau,  
Hohenzollern and  
Brandenburg is  
covered with  
forests. In Schles-  
wig-Holstein, on  
the other hand,  
forests occupy  
less than one-fif-  
teenth of the area  
of the province.

## GARNET BULLETS.

Bullets made of  
precious stones are  
rarities in war-  
fare. But during  
the fighting on the  
Kashmir frontier,  
where the British  
troops defeated the  
rebellious Hunzas,  
the natives used  
bullets of garnets  
encased in lead.  
The British pre-  
served many as  
curiosities.

## HEALTH SPOT.

Ten years ago  
ten of every eleven  
children dying in  
Berlin did not  
earn more than  
\$750 a year, and  
only 250 earned  
more than \$2,000.  
To-day the situa-  
tion is reversed.

## HE WALKS UP TREES.



Here is a tree climber who is using his feet like hands for grasping, and is engaged in gathering the stuff called "chicle," from which the chewing gum of commerce is made. The scene is in Yucatan, and the tree, known as the ya, grows plentifully all over that region. When the bark is cut a milky-white sap exudes, which is reduced by boiling to large lumps, says the San Francisco Post. The tree grows to a height of seventy feet or more, and its fruit much resembles a russet apple in appearance. The crude gum is absolutely tasteless—a very desirable quality from the viewpoint of the manufacturer of chewing gum, inasmuch as he is able to put into it what flavor he likes. But the finest gum, which costs \$1 a pound in Yucatan, does not find its way out of that country as it is obtained from the unique fruit of the ya tree.